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THE TRIUMPH
. . . OF RIGHT
AND OTHER VERSES.

.....BY.....

LYMAN F. JACKSON.

. . . PRINTED FOR . . .

BARBEE & SMITH, Agents,

NASHVILLE, TENN. DALLAS, TEX.

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THE EPWORTH PRESS
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TO THE READER.

One whose position makes it the duty of a certain, limited portion of the "public' to *hear* what he has to *say* for its good, feels that he may, with more modesty, invite a larger portion of that "public" to *read* what he has *written* for its good and entertainment, without apology. An invitation implies their right of declination. He trusts that this little collection will "please *his* neighbors for his good to edification." Rom. xv, 2.

* * * * * *

In the latter part of this booklet, an attempt is made to work out a color scheme, on general lines, by printing the verses in the color that harmonizes with the sentimen of the the author intended to express in them! The perfection of typographic art would be attained if the color of paper and ink and style of type used could be made to conform to the spirit of the lines.

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THE TRIUMPH OF RIGHT.

THE TRIUMPH OF RIGHT.

God made the man! And gave him opportunities as vast
And possibilities as great
As those with which He others bless'd in all the past,
In either home, or Church, or state;
Nor 'cross his path threw obstacles which he could not surmount;
Nor hedged him in with thornied wards
That prick'd the blood; nor hid He from his search true
Wisdom's fount
That treasure yields while still she guards.

Across the sky, on his birth-night, no horoscope was cast
That doomed him e'er to slave, and curse
The Fate that gave him to his mother's breast, to which, close-
She pressed, at which she gave him nurse. [fast,

The days sped on their lonely course, —for, fleetful as they are,
They needs must solitary go
Their silent and interminable way; nor sun, nor star
Shed light upon their ceaseless flow,—
And his life grew, as columns rear their stately forms unto
Their capitals. Act, motive, thought,
In character were piling up themselves, nor could undo
The work they wrought, tho Judgment fraught.

Base Passion, tho it hid but illy all the ills it brought
To victims of its glam'rous sway.
Invited him to walk it's giddy heights of pleasure; sought
To draw his soul its deathful way,
It painted joys and promised pleasures, fairer far to thought
Than he had dreamed, to keep his heart's
Affection from the lovely things Christ's death had bought,
Unlimned by skill of this world's arts.

True Wisdom, pleading, tho to ears already wooed and won,
Sought to unveil snares deftly set:
Then warned in love; and, still in love, it snatched the soul
The threshold of the deathless Death. [upon
There Wisdom strove with Passion, an immortal soul to gain!
While Heav n and hell with gaze intent
Watched which would win, the one revealing, one concealing,
Would lend their aid which way he went. [fain
While he, upon foundation frail of unbelief, now leaned
To Passion's side; then Wisdom's light
Unveiled th' Abyss that he might see a moment harvests gleaned
From sins once sown: nothing but blight!
It poisoned those on whom it grew, and only grew that they
Might sow in kind again and reap.
So dreadful was the sight it cast a shadow o'er the day!
It was relief that he might weep,
And pray to God (who then revealed Himself in Wisdom's face
And Wisdom was but Mercy, seen
In that dark hour,) that He would grant, thro His most loving [grace
And gracious love, pardon for sin.
When, lo! Into that face a look of radiant glory came,
So fair, so infinitely bright,

It made the dark, ignoble past of his so shameless shame
Seem still more dark seen in its light.

He saw his real self! Was melted, grieved, and feared to look
Into the face of One whom he
Had almost spurned; but who, with strong and tender grasp,
His trembling hand and said: trust me. [now took
His hand was scarred; His brow thorn-marred where riv'n by
So, too, those feet on which He sped [murd'rous hate
In love profound and weariness t' perform His mission great:
That He might save from Death the dead!

"My Lord! My God!" He dared not even speak the silent pray'r
That welled up from his ravished heart:
"Forgive! Redeem!" Then he, while bowing low and tears fell
For life and death, "the better part." [fast, chose there,

With heart renewed thro faith, by faith made strong for any task,
He starts afresh to fill his place
In life, assured that means would be vouchsafed to all that ask
To triumph over Sin thro Grace.

Surprised, he found that all men do not help each other on
T'ward better lives! That love of self
Ruled in the world that Christ's unselfishness to death had won
From Satan's toils; and that, for pelf,
Men wrecked health, home and reputation, e'en their hope of
That covetousness knew no bound [Heav'n.
At which it stopped, short of the limit of the Law; and then
A way to circumvent that found.

Greed grew more grasping as its skill in gaining grew; and Man
God-like in form, God-like endowed,
Had fall'n so low, he could not see, much less attain, God's plan,
And was of his debasement proud.
"Gold! naught but Gold! 'Tis that alone supplies our need! Give
And you may have what else you will," [Gold!
Became the cry! Affection, intellect, their *souls* they sold
This bottomless abyss to fill.
"Success is King! Be thou successful or be damned! Confess
That he alone is bless'd who wins
By right or wrong, by thrift or theft, the tokens of success!
'Tis he alone who fails that sins!"

Gold-bought Economists (?) said "competition is the way
To stimulate the life of Trade."
Unmindful that it is a Juggernaut to wound and slay
The lab'rer by whom wealth is made,
It piled upon th' already burdened bearer of Life's load,
The need to pay a "dividend"
From Poverty's poor pittance, which it turned into a goad
To drive him, or itself defend.
'T was pitiful (or ludicrous) their concern t'alleviate
The suff'rings that their system brought
To those who toil! But jot nor tittle might they deviate
So "sure is change with danger fraught."

O God! That men should get so far above their kind by wealth,
That 'tis a condescension, when
They give to others, cold and hungry, what they took by stealth,

Demanding its return again.

It staggered him! That God, whom he had seen in Mercy's guise,
Should so far lose control of those
Whom He had made, that they, for whom Christ died, might e'en despise
His handy-work! And Vengeance rose
In him to smite the minions of the evil power whose lies
Had brought on man his many woes,
When suddenly he felt th' restraining hand that once had thrust
Him from the mouth of Hell; and heard
The voice that once had bidden trust, bade him again to trust
Tho Justice seemed to be deferred.

"Be still! O soul," He said, "be still and true, tho nations fall!
The Right and not the Wrong shall gain
The age-long fight for rulership o'er all the Earth. The call
For help 'gainst Wrong is not in vain!
Time still is young! And in the æons that shall after be,
The centuries in which the fight
Was waged, 'twixt Darkness and the Light, shall end! and all men see
They were but leading to the bright
And beauteous reign of that Diviner Justice which, with Mercy blent,
Reveals the Love of Deity!
And men shall learn that Happiness and Wisdom both are sent
To those who keep Truth in sincerity.
Do right, O soul! Whatever wrongs thou sufferest, be assured
That all I'll righten or repay!
Trust thou in Me! For Wrong by wrong has never yet been cured.
My Truth, My Right, shall win My Way!"

With faith renewed and hope rekindled by these words, he read
Once more the record of the Past.
He saw the stream of Progress was from unseen sources fed;
Each Age grew nobler than the last.

He saw that Greed of Nations, as of one man, overreached
Itself; their funeral fires gave light
Upon the way to broader, higher Destiny, and impeached
Their love of Justice and of Right.

The greed for Gain that sacrificed the good of other men,
E'er petrified the heart; and left
Its victims joyless with their peace-bought gains; and often then
Of riches and of heart bereft.

The sycophant that bowed the knee unto the creature of a day,—
Basking in supercilious smiles,—
Learned, by sad steps, that vanity a poor reward can pay
To those deluded by its wiles.

The devotee of Pleasure, who, the while, seemed rich in joy,
Learns, oft alas! when 't is too late,
That Pleasure is a phantom; close-pursued it will decoy
Its victims to a joyless fate.
That men who strive, at sacrifice of principle, to gain
The world's applause, find in their shame,
That it discards, in scorn, all those who fail, and fain
Their follies on the hills proclaim.

In fine, the wheels of Progress ever onward, upward move
By laws unchangeable; and men,
In spite of false and foolish steps, will, in the future, prove
That Right is Might, and Good is Gain!

In God's own time (God's time is men's when they th' conditions
He will unfold His grand design [meet),
Approved by men: the circle of his being, made complete,
Concentric with the Life Divine.
Man, —finite in attainments, being limitless to move
By steps, t'ward God's Infinity,—
Shall ever grow in power to know and be; himself shall prove
The scion of Divinity!

Success in his Divine pursuits has never yet been gained
By false ways, with which Earth is rife;
Nor by the fear of failure and his fellow's scorn; nor chained
Upon infernal wheels of strife
By need to drive the gaunt wolf from the door, while loved ones
For shelter from the driving storms; [call
But each shall choose that course, which, best for each, is best
And e'er to Right and Truth conforms. [for all'

Each seeks the good of others; knows that God will not forget
The ills of all men to retrieve.
Men then shall learn that greater is the joy to give than get;
Each giving, so shall each receive;
Receiving, each shall have to give again; nor any fret
Because of needs he can't relieve.

God's Right is man's! And only as God's Right in each prevails
Can all, only, rejoice in Right.
So long as Man is pleased with Wrong, so long the race travails
For issue that shall love the Light.

That time will come! The genesis of Goodness and the Truth
(Begot of God) prophetic is

That this world yet shall witness their maturity; nor ruth
Nor wrong mar its perfected bliss.

It may be that the blood of self-crowned monarchs must be spilt,
Mingled with that of selfless men
Who gave themselves as sacrifices for the Right! But wilt
The Right prevail —— somehow, somewhen!

And so with deep, unutterable prayer, by word and deed
Should each toil on; and when he dies,
The Truth he lives, loves, labors for, will still live on; nor heed
The clamors that from Error rise;
The jangling of false voices that proclaim the need
That God shall guide e'en those aright
Who seek the Truth. They will not find the cure of Wrong who
Or Right or Wrong in passion's light. [read

All shall be changed! And righteousness shall in its power sub-
Bless those who to the Right are true. [lime
To all who "love their neighbors as themselves" in that grand
Shall God make Earth and Heaven new. [time,

TOILERS.

The good of all is the good of each!
And he who learns must another teach,
That all are weak unless each is strong!
And only th' Right can conquer the Wrong.

I looked around on the sons of men,
On mountain bleak, and in loamy glen;
They toiled all day and schemed all night,
And gave their lives that by wrong or right
They might gain gold, their only delight.

The strong devoured the weak at his side;
The meek were crushed at behest of pride;
The honest by dishonest controlled;
The poor by the rich were bought and sold.

'Tis not honest work that true men scorn!
For of all men unhappy, forlorn,
Tis the one compelled to idle be!
Tis he who works from choice that is free.

The sun still rose and the sun still set,
The rain still fell and the earth was wet,
That unjust men, like the just, might reap;
But both alike must in sorrow weep.

The truth is, ever, the man that works,
Who never from useful labor shirks,
Is the one that gets the most out of life,
And has most joy 'midst its sorrows rife.

They only learn the secret of peace
Who trust in God and from striving cease.
Who labor on to be good and true,
Shall find each day God's mercies are new

Who right will do will better the world,
And 'round it Freedom's flag be unfurled!
In spite of wrongs we suffer from now,
God's Right will win in the end, I trow!
And sighs of grief and tears of sorrow
Be hushed and dried, some glad tomorrow.

The good of all is the good of each!
And he who learns must another teach,
That all are weak unless each is strong!
And only th' Right can conquer the Wrong.

LIFE S RENNAISANCE

Have you wandered in the woodland at the Springtime of the year,
When the giant trees, not leaféd, lift their branches as in pray'r;
When the Fall leaves seem a winding-sheet, the Earth a peaceful bier;
And all Nature moans a requiem for the dead things buried there?
How the fleetingness of mundane things is witnessed everywhere!
And you sigh. as if in pity, for the brief, tho bright, career
Of the leaves and flow'rs and grasses that once made the bleak Earth fair.
And you sigh again rememb'ring how the hopes that were most dear
Have been bitten by the frost-breath: 'reft of all their beauty rare,
Or been scorch'd and all be-withered in Life's sunshine's heat and glare.

But if you observe more closely where the leaves have lightly blown,
When the sunshine and the showers of the Springtime fall once more,
You will see, —but O, so timidly their faces will be shown, —
A forget-me-not, a daisy, or a violet as of yore;
And you're glad when you remember Spring is Life when Death is o'er.
So our aspirations, those that grieved us most when they had flown,
In Eternity's blest Springtime shall revive and fade no more;
In the Summer-land eternal where the frost breath is unknown,
They shall live and leaf and blossom as they never have before.
For the Winters of our lives shall then forevermore be o'er!

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

While christians sit with folded hands, and sing and pray and shout,
And argue much on theories they dont know much about,
An enemy there is whose skill and strength they have confessed,
Whose zeal for what he call "his rights" is good for any test.
He puts those men in office who his interests will serve,
And watches every moment lest from them they dare to swerve.
'Tis true he's sending men to hell, by hundreds, every day,
But christians by their helplessness are helping them that way.

CHORUS.

Awake! Arise! ye men who talk about the might of Right!
The God of Truth still reigns, and leads all those who trust His Might
The blood of thousands, who to drinks accursed power fall prey,
Will God require of christians at the last, great Judgment-day!

To license Evil is to share the evils in its train!
As sharing with a thief makes thieves of those who share his gain.
And that's "temperance" voters do, who talk of it by rote,
But do not back their platitudes when called upon to vote.
Commend to me the men who do what Conscience says is right!
And even when the cause seems lost, bravely keep up the fight;
Who scorn the bloody revenue the liquor license pays,
And votes as well and wisely as he shouts and sings and prays.

The "temperance" of temperance folks just makes saloon-men laugh!
And to such folly, in their glee, another toast they quaff;
For "resolutions" do not count for ballots in this fight:
It will not hurt their "business" tho they pass them day and night
But how they'd twist and wriggle if the temperance folks would say
"SALOONS MUST GO! We're in the fight to vote just as we pray."
They'd respect "the better element" as they never yet have done,
And millions bless the day the fight for Right was grandly won!

A Fragment.

He leadeth His flock like a shepherd,
And carries the lambs in His arms;
He leadeth on by the waters of quietness,
And in the pastures of love.
When shades of Life's evening cometh,
Protecting from night that alarms,
He leadeth them still thro the gates that are beautiful
Safe to His fold above.

IT WILL ALL BE RIGHT IN THE MORNING

Tho the night be dark and the storm-clouds low'r;
Tho lightnings flash and the thunders roar;
Tho temptations surge all around and o'er,
God will make all right, in the morning!

God will make all right in the morning!
In the bright Eternal morning!
Trust Him thro the night, He will give thee light,
At the dawn of the Heavenly morning!

Tho the night is long and the world is bleak;
Tho thy burdens great and thy strength is weak;
There's a crown for all who are true and meek,
Till the dawn of the golden morning.

There are griefs to deep to e'er be expressed;
There are wrongs by none but our God redressed;
There are sighs in the heart that must be supressed:
They will all be o'er in the morning.

Let this promise cheer thee, O fainting one!
Till the toil and grief of the night are done;
Till Life's battle's fought and its vict'ry's won:
God will make all right, in the morning!

ALL FOR CHRIST.

TUNE - - SAVED TO SERVE

All for Christ! our motto is!
He is ours and we are His!
Saved by Him, His love we tell,
In His presence ever dwell.

CHORUS.

All for Christ! His praise we sing!
All for Christ! We crown Him King!
All for Christ! Who for us died!
All for Christ! In Him abide!

All for Christ! From day to day!
All we are is His for aye!
Nothing as our own we claim,
All we hold is "in His Name."

All for Christ! O blessed Lord!
We will ever trust His Word;
Follow His divine command,
O'er the sea and o'er the land.

All for Christ! Lord, keep us true,
In whate'er we say or do;
While we speed the gospel call:
All for Christ! And Christ for all!

IF YOUR LORD SHOULD COME TO-NIGHT!

Is there light you should shed on some darkened path,
Ere Life's day shall end in night?
Are there hearts that are saddened by Satan's pow'r,
Which you might with joy make bright?
Is there seed to be sown, or ripe sheaves to bring,
To the Saviour's harvest-home?
Is there work to be done in His service sweet
Ere the end of service come?

‖: If your Lord should come to-night! :‖
Would your work be done,
All the good seed sown;
If your Lord should come to-night?

Are there those who should learn from your lips the life,
Of a Saviour kind and true?
How He came to the earth full of sin and grief,
Bringing God's great love to view?
How He left the high throne of His glorious pow'r,
To assume a servant's place?
How He died on the cross, from sin's dark domain,
To redeem a fallen race?

‖: If your Lord should come to-night! :‖
Have you told the story,
Of His death and glory,
If your Lord should come tonight?

It may be some soul would accept your Lord,
Hearing what He's done for you;
And would yield, gladly yield to the gracious power
Of the Saviour, kind and true?
O how sad it would be if you told them not
Ere your bark has crossed the bar;
And the crown that you take for your Saviour-King
Should not bear a single star!

‖: If your Lord should come to-night! :‖
Have you won one gem
For His diadem,
If your Lord should come to-night?

When he comes in His power with angelic hosts
And the trump's momentous sound;
When the thrones are set in the Judgment morn,
In the silence then profound;
Will he find that the gifts that were loaned to you,
Have by faithful use made gain?
Or will you be declared to your trust untrue,
When your Lord shall come to reign?

‖: If your Lord should come to-night! :‖
Would Eternity
Dawn in peace to thee,
If your Lord should come to-night?

THE SUN BEHIND THE CLOUDS.

The clouds that roll up like the billows of night,
And cover the face of the sun,
A shadow may cast on the Earth that is bright,
Ere the labor of daytime is done.
But the clouds float away with the storm in its might,
That bro't them full into the sky;
The sun in his might, and glory, is bright,
When they have gone sullenly by.

So, over the sky in the daytime of Life,
The clouds may portentously pile,
And darken the heart with their shadows of strife,
And Life's labor pause for awhile.
But God is the Sun of the spirit's bright day,
And steadfast, tho clouds roll between;
The clouds pass away, but His shadowless ray
More bright and still constant is seen.

HUMBLE NOBILITY.

Do swallows skimming o'er the sunlit waves,
Now rising, falling, flitting here and there,
Now darting, circling 'round in graceful curves,
Then pausing, poising, playful in mid air,
Less free and gladsome feel because the thrill
Of soaring Heaven-high on pinions fleet
They know not, as the eagle, strong-winged, spurns
The tempest, impotent beneath his feet?

Do cat-birds darting round from bough to bough
In very gladness of the shining sun,
That simply sing their one plain little song,
Because, indeed, they only have the one,
Less gladly sing, because they can't prolong
In variant strains their simple monolay,
Like nightingales that in the twilight haze
Now loud, now low, sing tender songs or gay?

Are souls less noble tho' they may not rise
Above the simple duties of the sphere
In which they learned to know that God is good?
Are their lives mean and groveling, dark and drear,
Because they have not wings on which to soar;
Content to live upon this earthly clod,
Nearer the heart of things most justly prized,
Nearest the Nature that is nearest God?

EVERY DAY.

(With such acknowledgements as the reader may think are demanded by the appropriation of the meter of the poem entitled "Every Year.")

We may help make this world better,
Every day!
We may help break some soul fetter,
Every day!
We may bring a smile of gladness
Into faces filled with sadness,
Even save some soul from madness,—
Every day;

We may drive away earth's sorrow,
Every day!
We may light from heaven borrow,
Every day!
For the shadows sin is bringing,
And across our pathways flinging,
May be banished by Faith's singing,
Every day!

There are souls that further wander,
Every day!
Seeming not their course to ponder,
Any day.
O, 't is sad to hear them jesting,
In deceitful hopes they're resting,
Seeming not to fear the testing
Of THAT day.

We may offer men salvation,
Every day.
And reveal God's new creation,
Every day.
We, to His blessed will conforming,
He, our hearts with His love warming,
Heaven itself on earth are forming,
Every day.

THANKSGIVING.

I thank Him for the shadowed way,
That led thro the vale of sorrow,
I thank for the star's mild ray
That tokens a brighter morrow.

I thank Him for the chastening rod,
My truant steps recalling;
I thank Him, when rough ways I trod,
His hand prevented falling.

I thank Him that His grace has ne'er
Been less than need demanded;
I thank Him for my life's full share
Of duties—love-commanded.

I thank Him for the light's surprise
That burst thro clouds impending;
And that amidst earth's battle cries,
Came promised care defending.

I thank Him that the joys he sent
Came when they most were needed;
And even at the open grave
Came grace for which I pleaded.

I thank Him that when thirsty, faint,
For me the rock was riven;
And that to hunger's pleading plaint,
The Bread of Life was given.

I thank Him that the burden's borne,
Were rich with compensation;
That He made bright the way, well-worn,
By smile's illumination.

I thank Him for the thankfulness
That fills my soul: love's leaven!
And that I trust Him still to bless
In life and death and Heaven!

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS

When daylight fades into the quiet gloaming,
And timid stars peep thro their azure robes;
When truant Fancy thro the Past is roaming,
And then into the Future vainly probes;
I hear the voices of the loved departed,
And conjure up the scenes together spent,—
The dear old days when we were tender-hearted,—
The sweet old paths where we together went.

CHORUS.

Between the lights, when the sun has set
And the twinkling stars appearing;
When the bright, sweet flow'rs with the dew are wet,
And the mists from my eyes are clearing;
I sit and think of the day and the days,
That are into the Past fast fading;
And the days to come, with their glad, sad lays,
And their light and their darkness shading.
And then of the Day when mysterious ways
Shall be seen in the light unfading!

Those days will not return tho they are bidden;
We cannot now the joys of youth recall;
We cannot pierce the future, that is hidden
Save to the eyes of Him who sees it all;
But, O, the days and ways of life's bright morning,
Can tinge with rosy hues the dark to-day;
And Faith can trust, where Doubt gives only warning
That God, who leads us ever, knows the way.

The sorrows of the yesterdays are vanished,
Their tears were dried by loving hands at night;
The cares of this day at this hour are banished,
And those to come shall be by Faith made light.
Both Past and Future merge into the Present,
Their joys and sorrows, both, my God commands
And in this quiet hour by Hope made pleasant,
I know that all my times are in His hands.

COMPARISONS

FAITH.

What foundations are to buildings,
  What the rootlet to the tree;
What the sunlight is to fruitage;
  What things are to those to be;
What are purposes to actions,
  What the means are to the end;
What are hopes to their fulfilment,—
  That is faith to thee, O friend.

YOUTH.

What the dawn is to the noonday;
  What the bud is to the flow'r;
What the Springtime is to Summer,
  What a moment to an hour;
What the streamlet to the river,
  Grown by many showers rife,—
Still the same' but ever changing,—
  That is Youth to after life.

LIFE.

What the seedtime is to harvest,
  What the tide-beach to the sea;
What beginnings are to endings,
  What the sapling to the tree;
What things are when seen but dimly,
  To the same seen face to face;
What part is it to all completed,—
  That is Life to Heaven, by grace.

HEAVEN.

What the crown is to its winning,
  What the vict'ry to the fight;
What the end to the beginning,
  What the dawn is to the night:
What are havens to the voyage,
  After dangers all are passed.
What the answer to the problem,—
  That is Heaven to Life, at last.

L. of C.

TWO SOLDIERS.

I

THE COMRADE OF THE KING.

O, with dash and clash to the bloody fray,
Went the comrade of the King!
On the field his shield that was burnished, gay,
Made defiant, ready ring.
And the flood of blood that around him ran,
Pleased him more than mountain rills;
While resounds the sounds of the daring clan,
That will give or take a man for man,
While daylight lasts on the hills.

In the rush and crush of their maddened bout,
With its whirr and whirl and wheel,
There's no tho't for aught but the glorious rout,—
With the foeman 'neath his heel.
He forgets regrets, as he plies his trade,
For the kindred of the foe;
Who forlorn will mourn in the twilight shade
For the victims of his murderous blade,
That rejoices in their woe.

And the roar of more than a hundred guns,
Seemed to silence pity's plea;
And the rifle stifled the heart if once
It demanded sympathy!
He with shout of rout onward rushed a flood,
And his path was strewn with gore;
And he slept, nor wept for the stream of blood,—
Grimly slept with th' dead who the field bestud,—
When the fearful fight was o'er.

But the cries and sighs of the conquered van
Shall in silence die away;
And the cheers and jeers of the conq'ring clan
Shall be ended, too, some day.
And the king shall fling to the earth the crown
Where their foes in glee they cast,
And both strife and life he shall soon lay down
In the narrow grave with his false renown,
Where his victims lay at last.

II

THE COMRADE OF THE CHRIST.

To the fight for right to the bloodless fray
Went the comrade of the Christ.
Not in gay array, nor with trumpet's bray,
Nor with valor money-priced.
He, the strong 'gainst wrong, o'er the world-wide field
Sought the wide world's good complete.
'T is in strife for life, not for death, he wields
The keen sword of truth, till his foeman yields
Finding victory in defeat.

For the world that whirled in its mad career,
He had only pity, love;
Not renown or crown, that would bring a tear
To an angel bent above.
And with tears, not jeers, he pursued his way
On his mission of sweet peace;
Not to slave the brave was the fight that day,—
Not to kill, but give the true life for aye,—
And from Wrong to bring release.

E'en the foe shall know that the one who won,
(If he learns it not before)
Fought the fight for Right, till at last the sun
Had gone down to rise no more.
For this soldier shoulders a cross, not a gun!
And he utters prayers, not cheers!

And he pleads and bleeds in the cause of one
Who has bled and died that all men might shun
The false ways that end in tears.

And at last when passed thro the gates of the grave,
To the land where reigneth peace,
Where the king shall bring all His comrade brave,
And from strife shall give surcease;
At His call shall all, who've been tried and true
And are purged from sin and dross,
Have a place by grace near their Leader, whom
They have loved and served all the long way thro,
As the heroes of the cross.

THY WAY AND MINE

I

Choose Thou my way for me!
E'en tho it dark may be,
I still will trust in thee,
And follow cheerfully:—
Choose Thou my way!

Comrade and kin may scorn,
Ways of false pleasures shorn;
I shall not be forlorn
If Thou that way adorn;—
Choose Thou my way!

Battles may greet me there;
Losses that I must bear;
Crosses be everywhere;
Grant grace! my only pray'r,
And choose my way.

II

Still Thy way will, I know,
With joys abundant flow,—
Joys e'er unmixed with woe—
And with Thy light shall glow;
I choose Thy way!

Vict'ries that grace can give
On life's love's battle-field;
In them Thou art my shield,
And all my wounds are healed:
I choose Thy way!

Time flieth ever fast!
Battles and victories vast,—
Earth's joys and griefs,—all past,
Give place to Heaven at last,
Where ends Thy way!

BY WAY OF LAGNIAPPE.

The dark is th' other side of the light,
And silence the pause of sound;
And hate is the backward recoil of love,
At either extreme profound.
The bitter and sweet from the same base rise;
And pleasure and pain akin;
And Right and Wrong, however diverse,
At a single root begin.
So, Death is the lawless display of Force,
Life, building on plans Divine;
The Pow'r is the same, with different ends!
One, formless: one, with design.

From the slime and the filth come the lily fair,
And germs of disease and death;
The earth that yieldeth her strength to man,
Yields also its pois'nous breath.
Conditions decide the workings of drugs,
Now helping to health, then disease;
And food that nourishes life sometimes,
May deadliest germs increase.
The Word of the Lord is bread to the soul!
Receiving its truth, all's well:
But those who refuse, will find it a stone
To drag to the depths of hell.

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